VOICE OF THE PRESS

SIMILAR SITUATION HERE

"First the boys from the country come to the city, to work in factories. Then there isn't enough help to plant, cultivate and market food crops. So Uncle Sam goes to the cities to find men to send back to the farms to do the work there." Those are the words of an American commentator. It sounds a bit daffy. But Canadians can't afford to laugh, because we have a similar situation here.—Kitchener Record.

"SPOONING" DAYS

A Washington official says motor cars mustn't be used for "petting parties"—it's a waste of gasoline. Perhaps the parlor and front porch will come into their own again, and there may be a revival of the old-fashioned hammock. And in the old days it was called "spooning", we are told.—Ottawa Journal.

WOULDN'T STAY PUT

Paper serviettes are among the items now brought under the paper-saving economy program of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. As a colleague used to say, the things were no good anyway, except to a diner with a wooden leg and a thumbtack. —Brantford Expositor.

REVISED VERSION

A recent cartoon, depicting an exciting aquatic rescue in which the rescuer had a difficult choice to make, suggests that a popular song might now be rewritten to read:

"So I pulled her out on shore
And she's mine for evermore."
"Who, the lady, Mr. Gallagher?"
"No, the tire tube, Mr. Shean."
—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

IT'S HOPELESS

Defence Minister Ralston intimates the "women's army" may be used to operate searchlight batteries in home defence. It's hard enough to slip anything over a modern female in the dark, but when they have searchlights—wow!—Windsor Star

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

When we were youngsters, we had to hide behind the barn to read the kind of blood-and-thunder stuff that our children now get on the radio every day—Kitchener Record.

WAR TALK

Strategy is something you plan to do to the other fellow, and tactics are what you do in a hurry after you discover your strategy hasn't clicked.—London Free Press.

THE TRUTH

Summer slacks, and some are not slack enough.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Sailors Patronize Tattooing Artist

Professor Decorates Hairy Chests of Canadian Seamen

Favorite artist in the thronged port of Halifax is Professor Frederick A. Baldwin, despite the fact that he never so much as touches a palette or easel.

His work is done with needles and garish dyes, with the hairy chests and muscular arms of the sailors in the Royal Canadian Navy and merchant marine as his canvasses. He is the seamen's artist by common appointment, and a man is still regarded as a landlubber until he has squirmed under the hands of this short, genial Englishman.

Go to him and he will give you a fine arm etching whose reds and blues will never fade to let you forget a girl named Mamie or Mabel. Or he will pick out in subdued pastels and pinks a touching scene called "sailors' memorial" showing, inside a laurel wreath, the last of a ship being swallowed by angry seas.

Professor Baldwin claims that his customers, the majority of them seafarers, are sentimental lads who choose his chaste memorial etchings in preference to his more bawdy offerings. Many of the merchant mariners, he said, want to have tattooed on them the names of buddies lost at sea. Others have the names of their entire families listed down their arms.

The professor himself is a firm exponent of his art—he might be called a walking billboard. From his ankles to his neck cavort dancing girls, snakes, bleeding hearts and names of otherwise forgotten romances.

CHILDREN—WAR'S VICTIMS THE WORLD 'ROUND

Following the ruthless pattern set in Europe, children of the Orient, too young to understand the terror which has come upon them, are driven from their homelands by the relentless forces of war. Evacuated from Sumatra when the Jap invader spread his terror, these Javanese and Chinese youngsters pose willingly at the Port Melbourne, Australia, hospital which has become their refuge.

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

German and Russian Armies Massed For Mighty Conflict

The massed armies of Russia and Germany have moved into sudden action. The German attack in the Crimea appeared to be the first step in Hitler's long-heralded spring drive aimed at the oil and mineral wealth of the Caucasus. (It was reported recently that German tanks and trucks were using olive oil as a lubricant).

While the Russians were being forced to retire slowly in the Crimea Marshal Timoshenko's divisions launched a counter move —in fact it might be called an offensive move — and broke through the Nazi lines at Kharkov, the great industrial city of the Ukraine. So begins the third phase of the Russo-German war.

First Phase of War

The first phase began almost a year ago when the German armies, marching eastward, met and overwhelmed the Russian forces from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

The Russian armies were pushed back, fighting stubbornly, and in their retreat leaving behind a "scorched earth." Depth of Russian defense and lengthening German lines of communication slowed up the Nazi advance.

Second Phase of War

With the announcement on Nov. 29, 1941, that the German armies had been hurled back at Rostov, gateway city to the Caucasus, the second phase of the war began. Throughout the winter Russian counterdrives forced the retreating Germans westward. When spring came the Red Army had recaptured about 100,000 square miles of the 500,000 overrun by the Nazis in the war's first phase.

Battle of Production

Throughout the winter, too, the battle of production was waged behind the fronts. German factories were speeded up to capacity-production of guns, tanks, trucks and planes. Fresh troops, youths of 17 and 18 years, were mobilized. Workers were called in from occupied countries to man the war plants, releasing more Germans for the fighting front.

It is stated that Hitler has moved 100 divisions, a total of more than a million men, through Poland. During last winter he maintained about one million men on the Russian front. He garrisoned in the Baltic states about one million men. These last moved the inhabitants out of their homes and took possession. They wintered well and are now well placed for active fighting.

The food situation in Germany itself, as well as in the occupied countries, is considered bad and is getting worse. The losses in mechanical war equipment have been very heavy and it is doubtful if production of ground weapons over the winter has fully compensated for losses at the front.

Russian Preparations

In Russia, throughout the winter, preparations were being made to meet the expected all-out Nazi drive in the spring. Huge factories were successfully moved from the front to safety far behind the lines where huge quantities of iron ore and coal are accessible; also great deposits of bauxite, the raw material for aluminum.

The Russian losses of war machinery in the first few weeks of Hitler's attack last June were very heavy. The Russian situation was desperate until the winter immobilized, to a great extent, the German mechanized equipment. Now the Red Army position is different. With the ever-increasing flow of supplies from Britain and the United States the Russians are not inferior in equipment, except for tanks, and even that situation may be remedied.

Russia's Strength

Because Russia is a united nation — Hitler's attack brought the whole population to the support of the Stalin regime—the Russian morale is extraordinarily good. Consequently there is no sabotage behind the Russian lines, whereas it is a menace almost everywhere behind the German lines.

Much of Russia's strength lies in the mechanization of agriculture. It was possible to move a great part of the motorized equipment in advance of the German penetration. Populations skilled in the use of the equipment were also transported. As a result, great areas heretofore uncultivated have been seeded—an example of socialized farming on a vast scale. There is no doubt that another winter of war would strain the food supplies of both Russia and Germany but the Russians would probably be the better fed.

It would appear that the spring finds Russia stronger and Hitler weaker than a year ago and also that the strength of Russia continues to increase while, according to some authoritative sources, that of Germany tends to wane.

Hitler Must Gamble

It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that some of the military leaders in Germany are opposed to an offensive against Russia this year. A policy is advocated of organizing the territory already taken and that Russia be encouraged to destroy herself by assuming the offensive and wearing herself out by attacks on impregnable positions.

High Allied opinion, however, considers that Hitler is decidedly opposed to such defensive strategy and holds that he must try for a decisive victory in Russia and gamble everything in the effort. It is considered a political necessity for Hitler to show new victories. If he loses his reputation for invincibility he loses everything.

Viscount Gort New Governor of Malta

Viscount Gort, Commander in Chief of British Gibraltar, has been named Governor and Commander in Chief of the bomb-battered Island of Malta, it is officially announced.

He succeeds Lieut. Gen. Sir William George Sheddon Dobbie, under whose heroic leadership the island stood up under the greatest single concentration of Axis air attacks—more than 2,000 air-raid alarms—which has been felt in this war.

"Tiger" Gort, former chief of the Imperial Staff, commanded the British Expeditionary Force in France at the beginning of the war. He has been at Gibraltar since April, 1941.

When Lord Gort goes to Malta, he will take the George Cross which King George awarded collectively to the islanders last month for their heroism under continued Axis bombings.

General Dobbie has been at Malta since 1940, first as temporary Lieutenant-General but since May, 1941, as Governor and Commander in Chief. He is returning to London for a rest.

Poles Escaped To Fight The Enemy

Said Poland's gallant General Sikorski to Canadian newspapermen recently:

"I am sure you do not realize it, but the Polish air force is almost as big as the Canadian air force. Yes, I mean the Polish air force in action."

What a people! Crushed and crucified by the first onslaught of Hitler's Luftwaffe and panzer plunderers, their cities laid in waste, the Poles never struck their flag, says the Ottawa Journal. Instead their little navy escaped to go on fighting the Axis and their soldiers reached France and their airmen took to British skies to help defend Britain. Their heroism became a byword.

Today all over England one meets those blue-eyed, fair-haired Polish soldiers, proud, erect, unconquerable.

Poland's story is one of the great epics of human courage. Not the least noble chapter in it is that which she has written during the past three years.

Beach-Combing Profitable Trade

Beach-combing is becoming a profitable business on the shores of Great Britain, according to The Port Arthur News Chronicle. The Minstry of War Transport has reminded the public that awards are offered for cargo or equipment recovered from the sea or washed upon beaches, while failure to give notice of a chance for salvage may result in loss of the awards plus fines as high as £100. A group of Essex residents in recent months has earned £800 by salvaging turpentine pine oil and rubber from the Thames Estuary.

The INDIVIDUAL Citizen's Army

By ALAN MAURICE IRWIN

A Weekly Column About This and That in The Canadian Army

Well, we got it at last! A touch of total war in our front yard! Freighter torpedoed in the St. Lawrence! I know the news is stale, but since I know that broad estuary as well as most of us know Main Street or Broadway you might be interested in a few remarks on the subject.

Naturally, since the question of security enters into it, I shall not attempt to speculate as to where the attacks took place although, judging by the hour at which the attacks were made and the reported times of the landings of survivors at various little ports it is not too hard for an ex-shipnews reported to figure out within fifty miles or so.

What is most important, now that the sneaking underwater hounds have at last gathered their courage to the point of risking their lives in confined waters, is the steps to be taken by members of the Individual Citizen's Army.

There is no need to worry about the steps that are being taken by the Canadian Navy — it was immediately announced that long-prepared plans were at once put into effect.

Remember a few days after the little yellow apes attacked Pearl Harbour? They shelled the California coast. That was done from a submarine.

It can happen here!

Not beyond the bounds of possibility are landings at obscure spots in the dead of night for water and food or diesel oil.

That is why a recruiting campaign is going on for the Reserve Army. Married men in the acceptable age group and married and single men whose categories unfit them for overseas service are needed to form a "Home Guard." There may be work for a home guard much sooner than we complacently anticipate.

There are long miles of shoreline on both sides of the estuary in which scattered farm houses are the only signs of habitation. But the men and women who live in these picturesque white houses are of a sturdy stock that stems back to the hardy Frenchmen who wrested Canada from the defences of nature and who ably defended their territory against savages who would be appalled at the savagery displayed today by the "kultured" Nazis.

Even if there are submarines in the St. Lawrence we cannot all play the role of Madeleine de Vercheres, we cannot all join the Reserve Army, but we can all play our parts by doing everything possible in our daily lives to conserve every resource for wartime production.

From the little port that harbours the pilot tender to its mouth the mighty St. Lawrence River takes on almost the proportions of an inland sea. Heavily wooded country abounding with wild life backs the settled fringe along the shores. It is tempting country to brutalized men who have been cooped up for weeks in the fetid atmosphere of a submarine.

Wild life, moose, deer, smaller game, are very tempting to men who have been living on German naval rations. They may be tempted to try a little hunting. And it may be too bad for them. Have you ever faced a conscientious Game Warden?

The farmers of the lower St. Lawrence are an amphibious people equally at home between the handles of a plough or a pair of oars, in a gasoline tractor or a fishing launch capable of riding the heavy seas for which the great river is noted. They will give a good account of themselves if they get the chance.

They are used to making a living the hard way in a year round contest with the elements and will be just as equal to protecting that living when the occasion arises.

But they won't be able to do it alone!

They will need, and must have, every other Canadian standing behind them. They will need the Royal Canadian Navy — which so many of their sons have joined. And that Navy needs heavy clothes, warm food, rubber boots, depth charges, ammunition.

You've guessed it! That's where the Individual Citizen's Army enters the picture again.

To give the Navy its woollen sweaters, its heavy socks to wear under sea-boots, it's hot cocoa-sweetened for energy — its depth charges, we have to do without a great many things.

Every order of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, the board of economic strategy, is designed to make some important commodity or ingredient available to one of the fighting services.

Metal kegs are banned — depth charges are metal kegs; sugar is rationed — sugar makes alcohol, alcohol makes explosives; rubber is restricted — rubber makes sea-boots; we carry parcels to save wrapping paper — wrapping paper helps make shells; and we shouldn't need to be ordered. We should cheerfully volunteer to make even more savings than are planned for us.

That torpedo in the St. Lawrence was a bugle call.

Let's "fall in"!

The Statute of Freedom surmounting the dome of the Capitol at Washington is made entirely of bronze and weighs 14,985 lbs.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

"You know, Butch. . . . . Accordin' to this book, we're guilty."

REG'LAR FELLERS—The Thinker By GENE BYRNES